

# The Ohio Democrat.

"Ubi libertas, ibi patria."—Cicero.—"WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY."

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CANAL DOVER, TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, (OHIO) JANUARY 23 1841.

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 72.

From the New Yorker,  
AWAY! AWAY!  
I've thrown them all away I away!  
And not a single token  
Is left me to recall the day  
His fickle vows were spoken.  
The scarf he wore my shoulders threw,  
The ring, (his name was on it,)—  
His card, the flowers, the billet-doux,  
The warm and flattering sonnet—  
Away! away!  
I've thrown them all away.

I've thrown them all away I away!  
And brightly on the morrow,  
Will beam the eye that yesterday  
Was dimmed an hour with sorrow.  
The chain, the lute, the singing-bird,  
The books he used to bring me,  
The letters which my tears had blurred,  
The songs he used to sing me—  
Away! away!  
I've thrown them all away.

I've thrown them all away I away!  
The thoughts of the false hearted;  
And now my heart's as wild and gay  
As if we'd never parted;  
The glow is on my cheek again;  
And every single token  
He left me to recall the pain  
Of vows so falsely spoken—  
Away! away!  
I've thrown them all away.

## THE DREAM OF LOVE.

I have seen a bubble blown into its circular and indescribable beauty; on its brilliant surface were painted the most inimitable pictures of light and life; graceful clouds floated in the bosom of the mimic sky; a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and cast all the magic of light and shade over a landscape of most bewitching splendor. A creature, as bright as a poet could imagine, glowed before me; but a wave of the air broke the spell of its transitory, but beautiful existence, and it was gone. It was like a dream of love. If there is one happy being in creation, it is the lover in the luxury of his visionary aspirations—if there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovers a long nourished affection to be mutual.

The moon, as she rides on through her infinity of space, has not a greater effect upon the ocean-tide than has the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down into a state of temporary tranquillity—again bidding it heave and swell by the magic of its viewless power.—Without it, what would be the world? As a creation without life; yet, possessing it, as we do, how does it disclose the soberest plans of reason? How do the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath? It is the poetry of thought, when reason slumbers on her stately throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarcely to be defined, for it seems in a perpetual halo of soft light which dazzles while it fascinates the mind's eye. It is the spirit what sunshine is to the flower—luring the fragrance from its bosom, bringing out all the energies of its young nature, or on the hand of beauty to the slumbering lute, passing over the silent chords, till "it doth discourse most eloquent music."

I had a young friend just rising into manhood—fiery and unsettled as the warrior steed in battle, his career was unguided by prudence or thought. A never failing flow of spirits made him always agreeable—he was full of sense and frolic. He could bring a tear into your eye before the smile had left your lip—he was all hope and happiness.

Suddenly he stood before me an altered being; his eye had grown melancholy and full of meditation. His moisture was often succeeded by a flash; & its fire again extinguished in the trembling tear. He shunned the rude clasp of the bustling world, and would steal away into some solitary recess, and in the still shade of the forest ponder on the sweetness of his own sorrow. His mind became almost a world by itself, and thousands of visions rose obedient to the call of creative thought—his soul, lifted high on fancy's wings would explore, in its wild and beautiful career, the fathomless regions of imagination, through all the variety of its magnificent domain. He loved deeply, devotedly. It was more than love it was adoration. The object of his passion was all that woman could be. There is no object in all creation half so splendid as such a being—the charms that are diffused through the whole universe seemed gathered in her.

When the sun is going down in the West he leaves behind him a bright light, but is insipid to the light of her eye. The fragrance of the rose was not so delicious as the warmth of her breath—music could make no melody like the thrilling tones of her voice. Her motion is more graceful than the heave of the sea, or the change of the cloud, and the magic of mind gleaming through her words, and looks, and actions, shed

around a charm more grateful than Arabian incense.

No wonder my hero bowed down before her; no wonder that the sound of her voice was in his ear, that her image was before him in his daily occupations, and bore a part in the mysteries of his dreams. There was no affection in her nature, and she confessed she loved him—they seemed created for each other; and who would have believed that fate; but I am digressing.

There is something very melancholy in the reflection that any woman can die; but to him that she should perish, was the very agony of despair. He had left her for a few days, intending when he returned to ask her hand. On the morning of his return, he sprang into the stage coach in a most delicious reverie. He held no discourse with his fellow passengers, but wrapped himself up in a rich dream of anticipation. His heart was full of happiness. He thought himself, as he entered his house, too happy for a mortal man. He was preparing to pay her the first visit, and dwelling in his mind on her pleasing welcome, when her brother came too soon to him; he did not observe any thing peculiar about him at first and not until the warm, affectionate shake of the hand was over, did he notice that his eyes were filled with tears, and dismal, gloomy black clouds, hung from his hat. He started, and in a hollow voice, that had a desolate dreariness in the very tone, he said,

"Elizabeth is dead!"  
At first he was not comprehended. A vacant, herid laugh, that echoed strangely through the still room, was his only answer—then he repeated the words, and the features of my friend became pale and motionless as marble—then he sat down in a chair, and covered his face with his hands, but not a word; not a breath broke the silence. There was something alarming in his calmness; it seemed like the silence of the heavy black cloud, just before it launches its destructive lightning from its bosom. He beckoned and wished to be alone. He was left in solitude. I would not profane the subject, by attempting to describe his feelings. There was a dark, horrible confusion in his mind, like some accursed dream glaring around him; and the night rolled away its long hours of sleepless agony.

The next day was the funeral; and when the sun rose in his own glory and all the pomp & circumstance of day began to beam upon the face of nature, and the merry voice of men some times came upon the breeze, and the car rattled ruddy along, and all around was business and adventure, unaffected by the great event that had come like an ocean of scorching fire upon the paradise of his heart—he recollected, and he said, "to-day is her funeral!" His benumbed mind dwelt upon the words, but there was no thing undefined, and almost incomprehensible in them. She was to be buried at five in the afternoon. The clock struck four; he put on his hat, and went to her house. He thought twenty times he heard her sweetly toned, laughing voice, as he passed along. He turned his head once or twice to see if she was not at his shoulder, but there was nothing, and he walked on. He saw the house, and sought every window—but Elizabeth was not there. He rang the bell—the servant came, weeping; he looked at him, and walked on—he passed into the parlour—the chair which she had occupied when he was there before, was standing in the very same place; and there was her piano—he almost fancied he heard music; he listened, a sob from the next room came like ice upon his heart, and he sat down. Her mother came into the room; her face was serene in grief, but the first burst was over, and she was comparatively calm. She asked him if he would look at the corpse. He knew she was dead, but the blinding question shook every nerve in his frame, and seemed to breathe death upon his soul. He arose and followed the bereaved mother. There was an air of death in the apartment, and a vanished coffin was on the table, a white cloth flung carefully at the head, a few friends sat and wept in silence, musing on the beauties and virtues of the being they were about to consign to the cold earth. He walked up to the table, & stood as still, and pale and motionless, as the form that lay, stretched before him. He would have torn away the veil that covered that face, but he could not; he felt that he might as well have attempted to heave a mountain from its rocky base. The mother saw; she felt—a mother can feel—and she silently uncovered her beautiful countenance. It broke upon him all his loves. There was the same white forehead—the sleepy eye—the cheek that had kissed so fondly, the lips that had spoken such sweet words. He gazed at her corpse with the intensity of thought. Her living image was before him, he saw her smiling, he beheld her in the graceful motion, now her figure passed before him, beautiful in the mazy dance, and now he gazed in her full black eyes, and read unutterable things. He had a ring on his finger a present from her, he tried to speak, he looked at the ring, then at her, agony swelled his heart,

he gave one long gaze, and looked no more.

He knew not how, but he stood by her grave and they were bearing the coffin towards the dark narrow pit, a heap of fresh earth was piled at its side. Some said, "where are the cords?" He heard the answer "here they are," and the coffin was gradually let down into the bottom of the grave, it set firmly on the ground, and he heard a voice say "there, that is right, draw up the rope." Then there was a sound as if the orders were obeyed, in the act of doing it, a few grains of sand and pebble dropped upon the coffin, then all was still, then a handful of soft, damp, heavy clay, was shoveled down. Oh, that sound! that solemn sound of utter desolation! It broke the horrid spell that kept his voice silent and his eye dry, his lip began to quiver, a sob heaved his aching breast, large tears gushed from his eyes, he stretched out his hands in an agony of weeping, and grasping an old gentleman's nose in the stage coach, where he was sleeping, gave occasion for Obadiah to observe.

"Verily, friend, when thou hast sufficiently amused thyself with my nose, perhaps thou wilt return it to its original owner."  
The whole horrible creation of his fancy passed away like a mist, his heart bounded within him, and he soon took sweet revenge upon those lips that had been so cold and still, yet so beautiful, in the darkness of his dream.

## SUCCESSFUL FARMING.

The Farmer's Cabinet relates an instance of the most successful farming we have heard of for a long time. It is of an old, practical, hard working farmer in the neighborhood of Amherst, New Hampshire, who commenced in the world as a day laborer, and who, notwithstanding he has at various times sustained heavy pecuniary losses in the investment of his funds, is now worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. We make the following extract from the article in the Cabinet:

"This man, when thirty years of age, by the avails of his industry added to a small legacy, was enabled to purchase and pay in part, for a farm of one hundred and thirty acres of land, one hundred of which was under cultivation, but in a very low state. The farm is altogether upland, with a soil composed of loam, clay and sand, in the chief of which the latter preponderates, the former being least considerable. When he commenced farming, he adopted a particular system of rotation, to which he has implicitly adhered from that time to the present, which is forty years, and his success is the best comment on the worth of experiment. His mode was as follows: having divided his farm into eight fields of equal size, as near as possible, three of those fields were sowed with wheat each year, one with rye, one planted with corn two in clover, and one an open fallow, on which corn had been raised the year previous. One of the two clover fields is kept for mowing the other for pasture, both of which are plowed as soon after the harvest as possible, and prepared for wheat in the fall. All the manure which is made on the farm forgoes year is hauled in the spring on the field intended for open fallow, which is then plowed, and, after one or two cross plowings through the summer, is also sowed with wheat in the fall. The field on which the rye is sown is that from which a crop of wheat has been taken the same year, & which had yielded three crops. Corn is planted on the field from which rye had been taken the year previous, the stubbles of which had been plowed down in the fall. Clover seed is sown early in the spring on two of the wheat fields, those which have been most recently mowed. By this method, each field yields three crops of wheat, two of clover, one of rye and one of corn every eight years. Each field, in the mean time, has lain an open fallow, and received a heavy dressing of manure, perhaps at an average of fifteen four horse loads per acre. His crop of wheat is seldom less than fifteen hundred bushels, but often much more. His crop of rye is seldom less than fifteen hundred bushels, but often much more. His average rye crop is about four hundred and fifty bushels and his corn crop annually about five hundred bushels—all which grain, at the present low prices, would amount to more than two thousand dollars annually, and at former prices to double that amount, and his farm is withal very highly improved."

RETORT PROFESSIONAL.—A physician passing by a stone cutter's shop, bawled out, "Good morning, Mr. W——, hard at work I see. You finish your grave-stones as far as 'In memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why yes," replied the old man, resting for a moment on his mallet, "unless some body is sick and you are doctoring him, and then I keep right on."  
D'Israeli, says, a smile for your friends and a curse for your enemies is the only way to govern mankind.

## MY SISTER.

From A Pastor's Journal.

Eighteen years ago I was left in a strange land with no relation but a little sister, about three years of age. My mother had emigrated from England with a second husband, and the heat of the first American summer, together with the fatigues of a long voyage, proved too much for her feeble frame to endure. We knelt beside her death bed, the one eleven, the other three years old and received her parting blessing, and heard her last prayer, the warm pressure of that soft hand, and the sweet tones of that gentle voice have never been forgotten in the stormiest hour of life. Dying, she bade me love my sister, and if ever a dying admonition was obeyed, that was in the fullest sense. She was my idol—the lily predominated in her complexion, but the rose was permitted to blush permanently upon her fair cheek, and in moments of excitement it asserted its right, and suffused her face and neck with its crimson. She was my only treasure, but when I looked into her light blue eyes, and ran my fingers through the flaxen curls which waved upon her shoulders, I was happy. About a year we lived under the same roof, it became the pride of my heart to protect her, I once rose from a bed of sickness and fastened like a tiger upon the Amazonian sister of my hostess who had presumed to undertake the work of her correction for some trifling offence, and her slightest expressed wish would bring me to her side, in the wildest hour of my playfulness. One day she was rather melancholy, her nurse set forward her little rocking-chair there she sat for an hour, singing a hymn, with the chorus,

"I will praise him, I will praise him,  
Where shall I thy praise begin?"

I left her awhile, but was soon called to "run for the doctor, as little Maria had the croup." I ran, but Dr. Mowry was absent. I returned again and again, but still he came not; the disease baffled all the skill of her attendants. Once she exclaimed, "Poor R! don't cry, you will see me again in heaven." Wildly I rushed again for the physician, this time he had returned, and was on his way in another direction to the house. There I arrived just in time to hear the expression fall from his lips, "it is all over!" I walked forward, and my only sister was lying cold upon the bosom of her affectionate nurse. Never did I more fervently pray for death. I would then cheerfully have followed, but I was wrong. God always does what is best, but would not have my firm faith that I shall meet her and know her in heaven, weakened, for all the joys of earth. In heaven, Christ will be the centre of attraction, but a thousand happy spirits, who bask in his beams, will hold sweet intercourse with each other.

## SMOKING.

Doctor Macusly, of St. Louis, while lecturing before the Mechanics' Institute of that place recently, told the following amusing anecdote of smoking. "A young gentleman very much devoted to smoking, had paid his addresses to a young lady, whose parents objected to their union, merely because he indulged as they thought, too freely in the use of tobacco. The young lady, however, prepossessed in his favor, prevailed upon him to abandon the habit, that their union might take place. The antipathy of the mother, however, to smoking, continued unabated, and she was still sceptical as to the fact of his reformation on that score, and to test her daughter's account that he had given up the practice of smoking, she invited him to spend a few days at her house, with the family. No symptoms of smoking appeared till one evening, when the mamma, before retiring to rest, fancied she smelt something like the fumes of tobacco in his bed-room. She looked through the key-hole, and lo! and behold! the gentleman was caught in the act of putting away, with his feet up on the grate, and thinking, no doubt, of many happy days with his beloved object. The mother, in haste, ran down stairs, called for her daughter, said she had found him still smoking, and wished he to come up immediately and see. They flew up stairs; the mother looked again into the key hole, saying to the daughter, 'did I not tell you he smoked? look in and see.' "Ah, but mother," said the daughter, does he not smoke beautifully?"

PRINCELY PROMISE.—Prince Albert is said to have expressed, "with great delicacy of feeling," his apprehension that the English nation would be disappointed on learning that the royal infant was a Princess. The Queen with great naïveté, replied "Never mind, Albert, the next shall be a boy!" of course His Highness, and all other loyal subjects, derived much consolation from, and attach considerable faith to her Majesty's princely promise.

Pay as you go and keep from small score.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

So numerous are the changes that are constantly occurring, and so various are the scenes that we continually pass through in life, that we scarcely can rely on any thing of a temporal nature; without fear of its changing.

The flower of to-day, may lose all its beauty and fragrance in an hour,—nature that now appears so serene, may in a moment be convulsed by contending elements,—and quick as thought the varying seasons pass along, and years roll round in rapid succession.

Honor, Riches, Fame, and Pleasure, are also visionary and fleeting, and though in the enjoyment of either one of them to-day, yet ere the morrow we may have nought left us, but blighted hopes, and disappointed expectations. Friendship, is often but a name, possessing apparently substance in times of prosperity, but dwindling into a shadow at the approach of adversity, and where even now, are many of our former friends? alas! they have been estranged by "trifles light as air," and for causes of scarce any moment.

But a mother's love is enduring—it is or appears to be, more than human—it remains unchanged amid all changes—it continues unshaken though all else remove—it cannot be chilled by the bleak winds of adversity, nor weakened by storms of sorrow—it burns the brighter and warmer, as its objects become the most afflicted, and earns with contempt, all efforts to weaken its affections—it varies not with the seasons, nor changes with the fleeting year—it continues, though sin may corrupt and crime debase—it endures while life lasts and remains unchanged, though the sands of the valley cover the object on which it is doted.

How truly may it be said, that the love of a Mother can never be supplied by anything of a temporal nature, or her place filled by any other on earth.

W. R. S.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1840.

## POLITICS.

(From the O. Statesman.)

### THE BANKRUPT LAW.

The New York Post gives the following memorial of the whig merchants of that city, to include corporations in the bankrupt law. What say the leaders of whiggery now. These merchants admit that they heretofore opposed what they believed was right, for PARTY PURPOSES. These humiliating admissions do full justice to the honest democracy of the land. The Post asks: How was this matter mixed up with party politics? Why, Mr. Van Buren recommended that trading corporations should be brought within such a law, and the democratic party supported it. The whig merchants of N. York, although convinced that the measure was greatly for their own benefit, and for the welfare of the community, withheld their support because it was proposed by the democratic party.

They did wrong because Mr. Van Buren had done right, and to do right would have been supporting him.

## MEMORIAL.

To the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.  
This memorial of the undersigned Manufacturers, Merchants, Mechanics, and others of the city of New York, Respectfully represent,

That we have already addressed a memorial to your honorable bodies, specifying thirteen stipulations, which we believe to be essential to a good bankrupt law. In that memorial, however, we purposely omitted any allusion to banks, and other trading corporations, as that subject had been mixed up with party politics. It is, however, of such paramount importance, that we dare not be silent respecting it; and we now, therefore, express our full conviction that the national welfare requires that all such institutions should be subjected to a bankrupt law, under several provisions. It is indeed questionable, how far any bill could be made advantageous, without including them. In a choice of difficulty, we would prefer a bill which should apply to them alone, to one such as is now proposed, excluding them, and operating on the rest of the community.

It is a fallacy to assert that they are state institutions, and therefore, amenable only to state laws. To regulate the currency is confined to Congress exclusively, but to do this is impossible, without controlling the state banks on which, unfortunately, the condition of the country virtually depends; and which have, by their incredible misconduct, twice in little more than a year, caused universal derangement, and severe loss; and made us the opprobrium of the commercial world. It is evident that the state legislatures are either unable or unwilling to coerce them, and they now feel that they may at any time stop payment with impunity. "Nothing but a bankrupt law can prevent continual suspensions, to the ruin alike of internal and foreign trade." Congress is also expressly empowered to regulate commerce between the states. But there is scarcely one bank in the union, that does not discount drafts by persons in one state, on persons in another state. Indeed this is a regular part of their business, and on this ground, likewise, Congress has a power to interpose.

A bankrupt law is also required to protect solvent and well managed banks, against the ruinous competition of a multitude of ignorant and overbearing rivals.

What mysterious virtue there is in banks, that they should be exempted from rules that bind all other classes! What are the officers of banks, but custodians of trust funds, exposed to peculiar temptations, and therefore, requiring more watchful supervision than merchants trading on their capital, whose losses must all

be borne by themselves.

We therefore, beseech your honorable body, if it is found to be expedient to pass a uniform bankrupt law, that banks and all other trading corporations, may be subjected to its operation.

(From the Washington Globe.)

## BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

This institution, in a state of ruin and infamy as it is, two thirds of its capital British, and its whole conduct and politics under British influence, has again become an important power—a master power—in the politics and business of the people of this Union. The issue of the late Presidential election has worked this change in her favor; she has made her again what she was years ago under the Administration of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay—the ally and machine of Federalism, and a controlling power in our Government. We mention this fact to illustrate our own course in relation to this institution; a course which must lead us to treat often, and without reserve, of her affairs. The part which this Bank is to act in the new Administration, and her rotten, insolvent condition, with her foreign character, makes her now an object for the constant study of the Democratic press. It is already known that one of her old law attorneys—one who could not say that his soul or his body was his own in her presence; if it is already pretty well known that this old attorney, whose vocation it has been "to wash her dirty linen" for the last dozen years, and to find his profit in the operation, is to be at the head of the new cabinet. This is the start; the sequel will correspond with it; the new cabinet will not only be National Bank, but will be Biddle Bank; they will be the friends—the fast friends of Biddle's Bank. All which that institution wants done, will be done. She is not only the mother of corruption, and the patroness and manager of the pipe-layers—not only the corruptor of politicians and editors, and the mother of the election frauds, but she is the connecting link with the foreign capitalists, and the channel through which these capitalists must operate upon the public mind, the elections, the legislation, the commerce, and the banking interest, whose moneyed interest required the American Executive to be changed, she acquires additional power over the new Administration, and must be gratified in every thing she demands. Among these demands will be the restoration of the deposits—the increase of the revenue, to make the deposits worth having—the adoption of her notes for a national currency—the inclusion of herself in the formation of a new National Bank; the expunging of the expunging resolution, and the revival of the original sentence of condemnation of General Jackson. These are a few of the demands which this British Bank, which usurps and profanes the name of the United States, will require from her vassals in the new Administration, and which they will grant from gratitude for past favors—hope of new favors—fear of disclosure; and to strengthen the ally whose strength is their strength. The urgency of these demands will not wait the slow approach of a stated session; a called session is indispensable to the Bank; nothing else can save her from a third suspension; and in that suspension the new Administration would not only lose their most potent ally, but incur a great disgrace, and furnish a new and powerful argument against any National Bank in future. Of all this the new Administration is fully sensible, and hence the sudden movements of the old Bank attorneys, Messrs Clay and Webster, in favor of a called session, and all increased revenue. Hence, also, Mr. Clay's visit to Philadelphia and N. Y. to see his grandchildren at Brooklyn! Scarcely had this gentleman made his precipitate speech for the repeal of the Independent treasury, and to exhibit his guardianship over General Harrison, in pronouncing his Inaugural address for him, and to vent his gall against the defeated Democracy by comparing them to "a criminal standing under the gallows, with a rope around his neck, and the cart ready to be driven off!" scarcely had he done this before he posted off to Biddle's Bank and to the British Federal interest in New Y., to arrange with them the plan of the substitute which he refused to exhibit to the Senate in lieu of the Independent Treasury. It is near three weeks since Mr. Clay left his seat and his repeal resolution, to go upon this compromising expedition; and from this beginning the public may see the predominant power of the Bank of the U. S. in the new administration. Contemplating that institution, then, as a master power in the new Administration—as destined to act a controlling part in the future politics of the country—as having had in her sorcery and holding on a string the leading man of that Administration; we shall continue to pay attention to her, giving to our readers the best articles from other papers, as well as some views of our own.